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St. Aloysius.

Rifting the clouds that envelop the ages,
Turning our minds to a day that is past,
Eagerly gazing on history's pages,
See we a name to youth's vessel the mast.
Dear to our hearts is that name of all others,
Love we to think of our champion's life.
St. Aloysius, thy love makes us brothers;
Guide thou our footsteps, and guard us in strife.

Oft from thy heart gleams a ray of affection,
Lighting the pathway of darkness and gloom;
Patron of childhood, by Heaven's election,
Speak to us now while our years are in bloom:
Speak to us ere we are lost in the surges,
Rolling afar on life's dangerous main—
Lost there forever where death chants his dirges,
Moaning and wailing in misery's strain.

Falstaff's Philosophy.

Were it not that Falstaff was an extraordinary man, gifted with wit—but wit savored by judgment, with humor—but humor mingled with penetration and the good sense of grey hairs—Prince "Hal" would not have spent so many years in his company without tiring him. Falstaff had all the qualities necessary to captivate the prince; but he had also those repulsive vices which hindered him from gaining more than a temporary influence; so that when called to the "stern realities of life" he found it an easy matter, and even a strict duty, to discard the sharer and panderer of his youthful revels.

While the king was under the impression that his son was wasting his time in riotous living and fooleries, the prince was laying up stores of information and knowledge which were to serve a future purpose. He was gifted with a

sagacity equalling that of Falstaff himself; and he saw that Sir John, amidst all his humors, was a sage gifted with a large amount of practical philosophy. Falstaff is fully aware of the power he has over the prince, but he is inventive and skilful enough not to betray himself in this regard. The character Falstaff is no embodiment of any particular virtue or vice, but rather the container of all vices; he is a living, moving person, one whom "Men of all sorts," according to himself, "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish compounded clay man is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me; I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." These are not the words so much of the braggart Falstaff as the Falstaff conscious of the power he exercised over those by whom he was surrounded, and especially over the prince, much of whose wit was brought out by the wit of "Lean John."

Falstaff's philosophy is a compound of his own, made to serve often a very common-sensed philosophy, but more frequently a reasoning prompted by his baser appetites brought on by his love for self-preservation; for instance, what an admirable reasoning he has on honor, when he wishes to make it subserve to the end he has in view:

P. HEN.:—"Why, thou owest heaven a death."

FAL.:—"Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day..... Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. What is honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it; therefore, I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

Here we have a strain of philosophy springing from a disposition as broad as its humor is diversified—a philosophy quite contrary to that of the melancholy Jaques. The fool was an important mixture in the compound of Jaques' philosophy, while the shrewd reasoner was the most important element in the philosophy of Falstaff.

We cannot agree with the man—great authority though he be—who said he saw no humor in Falstaff. He is the very incarnation of humor, wit, sound sense and especially of self-possession in the hour of danger. All through his conduct with Prince Hal he allows himself to be cornered so that he may have an opportunity of "springing a diversion" upon his hearers and set them all into jolly laughter.

Who that has studied the comical characters in Shakspeare can help exclaiming: "He will ever remain the most splendid manifestation of Shakspeare's genius in the realm of comedy?" He is a conception so complex, so many-sided, so besprinkled with sack, sound sense, wit, humor and philosophy, that it is difficult to decompound this compound "of flesh containing so much jollity and wit with grey hairs."

The poet's rare knowledge of human life taught him that something more was wanting than the dull and vulgar companionship of Poins, Peto, Bardolph, and the rest, as an apology for the "unyoked humor and loose behavior of youthful Harry Monmouth. Had Falstaff been simply a humorist or a wit he would not exist to-day and afford pleasure to all who become acquainted with him; he would not even have held captive the prince so long as he did.

He had a combination of pleasing qualities as well as a combination of vices; his wit and humor were salted with sound judgment and experience of the world. We have him at his best in his soliloquies in this respect, and in originality he is unlike all other characters in Shakspeare—a character so complicated that when we think we understand him most, we understand him least. Wisdom and depth seem, as it were, to attend words which come through folds of fat and sack immeasurable. If we compare the prince in the company of Falstaff with the prince in the presence of others, we shall find the truth of Falstaff's saying, he was the cause of wit in other men. Contrast the admirable dialogue between the prince and Falstaff in Scene II., Act I., and again Scene IV., Act II. In the latter we have one of the most delightfully humorous passages in Shakspeare; here young Hal and his roguish old companion,

whose like the future shall never show again, carry on a supposed interview of Hal's with his father; but when, after passing Hal as the king, Falstaff crowns the humor of the scene by again surpassing the prince as the son. If it be true that Elizabeth commanded Shakspeare to picture Falstaff in love, the great poet, without deviating from his accustomed consistency, painted Falstaff in love with himself, and under the impression that the ladies whom he met were also in love with him. As soon as Falstaff ceases to love himself, on account of his love for any other human being, he ceases to be Falstaff. He is always invulnerable, always supplied with repartees of that self-love which brings him safely out of every difficulty. Only when he is cast off by the prince—now called to the throne—is the great heart of Falstaff first brought to the shadow of sorrow. "He is," in the language of a distinguished Shakspearean critic, "a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth." The most broadly representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters; so that through him the vision is let forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light from the immediate heirs of England and the righteous Lord Chief Justice to poor Robin Ostler, who died of one idea, having "never joy'd since the price of oats rose!" He is, indeed, a multitudinous man, and can spin fun enough out of his marvellous brain to make all the world "laugh and grow fat."

W. H.

Retrospective and Prospective.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE STAFF.

Tuesday next Notre Dame bids farewell to her senior class of '92. Like the devoted mother, who blesses her son as he leaves the humble home to do life's battle, she places in the graduate's hand the evidence of his hard work—a diploma,—and wishes him success.

Notre Dame has done her work, and done it well. She has led the young man through the difficult paths of knowledge, and has brought him safely through his work.

He is now fairly launched into life. If he puts into practice what he has learned at Notre Dame he will succeed.

Shall we go further? Shall we take the magic lens and look upon the tablet of the future as yet untouched by Time? Or shall we rest upon the firm and solid basis of what we know,—on the present and the past?

Let us go back to the morning of life, when the dew lay fresh upon the flowers ere they were withered by the mid-day sun. Then to follow the child into boyhood. To notice the awakening of the boy to a realization of the dawning manhood within him.

We see him as he leaves his home to go to college, happy and rejoicing that he is a boy no more. College life is pleasant surely. Little trials may mar the ever pleasant day, but cares are not lasting. They soon fade away at the approach of happiness.

Looking back over this year, we have but the remembrance of happy days. Our delight was great when we were made a part of the machinery of the SCHOLASTIC; and our crowning joy was the SCHOLASTIC dinner.

Looking both ways, we can see nothing but pleasure. Behind us the remembrance of joys once felt, and before us in the future pleasures yet to come.

Henry C. Murphy

This is the season not only for the gorgeous, sunset-hued sentences of the High School graduate, but also for the more prosaic utterances of the advanced collegians. We might go on to say how nature dons her most beautiful garb on the approach of this occasion; how the leaves of the trees are greener and fresher; how the birds warble their softest and sweetest from the limb of the neighboring apple tree, and so on, until there would be nothing before the reader, but words, words, which, unfortunately, do not express anything.

But why this anxious palpitation of the graduate? why this rushing of blood to and from the face, like that which takes place when a schoolboy is called upon for a recitation? Is it the weather? The weather for the past few months would be guilty of doing almost anything in the category with the exception of making a collegian blush. Why this confidential talk in the smoking apartments? why this preconcerted boycott on base-ball, tennis and other athletics? In the language of the day, there must be something up! Whether this something is a degree, or merely the vision of a

home-scene which causes these unusual signs, we are at a loss to determine.

But of one thing we are certain: Commencement is here. As a youthful poet would say: "What a world of meaning is conveyed in that one word—Commencement!" The realization of the dream of years, the consummation of hours of study, the last fitting event which marks the beginning of the end. Now truly, does the oft-heard expression "our paths thus far pursued together must now diverge," come upon us as we look first towards our Latin and then towards our Mathematics. But if the acquaintance formed years ago has ripened, as it should, into a close friendship, the line of divergence will never be distinctly drawn. To dip into the future is inspiring; but well do we now understand as, looking toward the past, that "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

J. R. Fitzgibbon

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that
would be,"

then I beheld all "the fairy tales of science" realized. Distance was annihilated, and space an empty word. Notre Dame formed one of the most attractive parts of Chicago, which itself had become one of the largest suburbs of New York. Nearly the whole country was as thickly packed with buildings as a hive with bees. Travelling was wholly carried on by means of flying machines which, in the form of beautiful birds or terrific dragons, had scarcely loomed up on the eastern horizon when they disappeared on the western. Because the land was filled with houses, the tops of dwellings were used as gardens, where each family could easily raise more than was required for a sumptuous living. Great scientists had invented methods by which turnips could be metamorphosed into oranges, potatoes into grapes, and lean pigs into plump turkeys. It was no longer necessary to sow wheat, since rocks were ground and then baked into the finest cakes. Every household had its wine, which was prepared from water by a series of filterings. As necessities and enjoyments could be procured at almost no cost, wealth had ceased to be a cherished possession, and social inequality was regarded as the barbarous custom of a dark age.

Books could be found only in the museum

and the antiquary's shop. The most eminent archæologists looked upon the printing press as an instrument of torture, used by the Spanish Inquisition; an author found it unnecessary to study the art of expression. When he wished to produce some work, he commenced thinking, at the same time attaching a phrontimeter to his head, which at once grasped his ideas, clothed them in the most suitable language, and conveyed them to a number of phonographs, each having the size and appearance of a watch. Readers bought these little phonographs and caused them to speak—whenever they wished—by turning a small key. Lack of leisure and space prevent me from going further; but I promise the interested reader to continue my description of the wonders which I descried as soon as time and circumstances will permit.

Alvin Ahlrichs

"Looking both ways, what have you to say?" asked a friend of me the other day as we walked around St. Mary's Lake at Notre Dame.

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Oh! I mean that you give something personal about the past and future of the Notre Dame graduates of '92."

"How much is in this? When a man is interviewed on such an important subject as the one you propose there is always a consideration."

"Well, that's the first time I ever heard you talk about money. If you give me all the 'pointers' I want, we will have a \$10 dinner at the Palmer House in Chicago when we go to the Democratic Convention."

"Come now," said he, "give me something. Can't you tell me something about 'Smiler,' 'Greaser,' 'Old Set' and all that crowd?"

"Well, friend, I could write a book about them. If I had time, and if the weather were not so tropical, I could recall many a reminiscence of my college days with this year's graduates, and, without much stretch of the imagination, paint for them a glorious future. When I write my first novel, I shall give you pen-pictures of those who are now to be entered as members of the Alumni of the Oxford of the West. I shall sketch the silver-tongued Fitzgibbon, from the Buckeye State, as a student at Notre Dame, and as a member of Congress, whose sonorous voice shall captivate his audience. The Chutes, from Minneapolis, will be

the heroes of a chapter. Louis will be a strong character at the bar, and his name, I think, will suffer nothing by being placed beside that of Taney and Marshall. Fred, with the facile pen of a Longfellow, may re-depict the beauties of *Minnehaha*, and is sure to make his mark in literature or in law.

"Vurpillat, from Hoosierdom, will be a prominent figure too. I expect to find him a lawyer widely known and filling a 'good fat' political office. The Sinnotts, from web-footed Oregon, will come in for a slice. Their past is all right and their future is promising. Roger will use the cudgels of the law, and Nick will be engraving his name on the temple of fame beside that of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. It will be very easy to write on Ahlrichs. There will be a golden ring about that part of his college days, for you know he was a medal fiend. I am afraid it will be hard to decide whether he or Kant will go down to posterity as the greater philosopher. I shall deal with Sullivan, Bachrach and McGrath together, because they all hail from the World's Fair City. I expect to describe 'Smiler' building a suspension bridge across Behring Sea. 'Old Set' will be president of some big corporation, and Bennie most likely will have his \$100,000 in some safe investment. Gillon from Mass., O'Brien from Minnesota, Rothert from the blue grass lands of Kentucky, Brady from the home of the 'sucker,' Murphy from Washington State, and Cartier from the land of the 'wolverine and pine' will be the head engineers in the construction of a trans-continental railroad and the building of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. DuBrul from Ohio will be on the stage or the owner of a great cigar factory. The last chapter will be on the poet Fred Neef, from Springfield, Ill. He is not now the poet-laureate, but in the near future he will be more than the Tennyson of our time. He will not be such a slave to *technique* as Tennyson; he will have the robust, manly diction of a man 'who was born, not made a poet.'

"Now, friend, if this is what you want, I have done. If you want any more of what you call 'pointers,' you will have to wait until my novel is published. Until then, adieu!"

Hugh O'Neill

This world is a sieve, and its inhabitants the sifted material. The holes in the sieve are the innumerable exits from the world through

which the people are incessantly dropping. The smaller element, or chaff, is the first to leave; and later, as the sieve is always shaken by the disturbances caused by sin, the wheat, or better portion, after it has served its period of usefulness, becomes worn out and falls through, to meet the common end, carrying with it, however, the most presentable appearance. As the chaff and wasted wheat let go their grasp and depart, the sieve is constantly replenished, but never by the same material, which is not given a second test. The process shall continue until the fullness of time, when, weakened by the unceasing agitation, the bottom of the sieve shall fall out, and the chaff and the wheat separate, so forever to remain. To this we all look forward, knowing not how far. It is not of merely local import.

Louis P. Chute

Man's life is divided into two periods—the past and the future—neither of which he can call his own. The past is no more, the future has not yet dawned; he possesses only the present, which lasts but an instant. When we cast a retrospective glance over the days and years which, like so many brooks and rivers, have hurried their rapid course to the ocean of eternity since the time when we were rocked in the cradle of childhood, we see defiling before our mind's eye hours of mirth and of woe. We recall events which have drawn upon us the attention of admiring throngs, and with blushing countenance we endeavor to rid ourselves of the remembrance of misdeeds that fill us with confusion.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead,"

the poet persuasively counsels, and never was more valuable admonition given to mortal. The past is irrevocably lost to us, but we should profit by the experience it has put at our disposal, and act accordingly for the remainder of our brief stay here below.

The veil which hides from our anxious gaze the happenings of the future we can not and dare not raise. Joy or sadness will be our lot; we may live to a ripe old age, or be carried off by death in the spring of life. We constantly form plans for the morrow, and rely with certainty upon their successful outcome. But again the bard, his finger raised in warning, exclaims:

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!"

A little consideration shows how judicious

this advice is. Has not the future proved a traitor to numbers untold? Do not the records of each day mention hundreds of wretches who are disappointed in their fondest hopes?

There remains, then, only the fleeting moment, called present, during which we must solve the intricate problems of life. From the good or bad use we make of this moment depends our fate on earth and beyond the grave. But how diversely men employ the present! The soldier battles for glory, and seeks the "bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth"; the architect piles up monuments which will sound the praises of his skill to generations yet unborn; the poet sings of heroes whose deeds are heralded from land to land; the monk, in cloistered solitude, meditates on the last things, and follows in the thorny path his Saviour trod before him. These works are all good, and cannot fail to be productive of an eternal reward if they are done with that object in view. Whatever, then, may be the duties our state of life imposes on us, let us

"Act—act in the living present,—
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

Joseph French

Benny hath said: "There are two ways to look at everything"; and, in all probability, he is perfectly correct. Take the weather, for instance. Looking backward we see plenty of it; looking forward—well, it seems it will be scarce for awhile, at least that kind which found its way of late into the conversations of the most refined, and evoked from the base-ball fiend on a cloudy day remarks that were far from being complimentary.

A friend came up to me the other day and complained of his ill-luck: he had made a bet on the weather and lost. "Oh! yes," he said, "I would undoubtedly be in 'better' spirits if things came my way; but, you see, they didn't." "Your neighbor won, though." "Course he did." And I kindly made an attempt to quote Scripture: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." He obeyed and—gave me "the shake." I did not preach to him the next time, I assure you.

Such is the way of the world. Some people write verses once in awhile, and other people don't; some people get "guyed," and other

people don't look at it that way. Of course they are not to blame; they have not had the good fortune to meet with my text before.

A festive mosquito happens to take a nap on your cheek on a warm evening in June; your sympathetic friend, wishing to take the intruder by surprise, deals a deadly, unexpected blow. Your spirits are ruffled, and you become highly indignant; but your sympathetic friend entreats you not to make such a fuss over the poor little insect, your gory face needs only the application of your handkerchief, and your collar, bespattered with the victim's blood, was badly in need of a washing anyway. That is his view of it.

M. A. Quinlan

Were you, gentle reader, ever in the office of the genial Prefect of Studies in the beginning of the year? Did you ever notice the new boys coming in to be examined? Of course, you did; but you were probably a new boy yourself at the time, or else did not take particular notice of the fun that was going on there. Here comes an old student.

"How do you do, Father?"

"Why, hello, John! Glad to see you back! You're looking well; how are the folks at home? Well? That's good! What can I do for you this morning?"

With this greeting the Rev. Director will make out a bill of studies, and the boy will go on his way rejoicing.

With a new hand it doesn't go so well. It's more after this fashion:

"Your name, please? Ah, yes; John Smith. Where do you reside, Mr. Smith? Jonesville? And what school were you attending? High School, eh? I suppose you must be pretty well advanced. What were you studying there? Algebra, astronomy, literature and political economy? yes. Algebra—you should know some arithmetic then. Just work these examples for me in square root. . . . You didn't get them, did you? Well, here are some in percentage. It will take you but a minute. A little rusty on arithmetic, I see. We'll give you second arithmetic; and as you make progress you can go up. You studied literature; can you parse 'John is a good boy'? Yes,—all right! 2d Grammar. . . . Advanced course in Astronomy? Well, you'll hardly have time for it. Political economy? Yes, but that's taught only during the second session. Here's your bill; just go down to the office and

get your books; good-bye. Next!" With this the full-fledged student goes down and gets his books and is assigned a desk in the study-hall. Then he goes and gets his clothes marked. He comes down into the trunk room where the superintendant of that department holds fort. Here he empties his trunk from top to bottom, and wants everything, from his shoe-strings to his tooth-paste, marked with the number given him. He now starts off, and begins to roam about the place, but is quickly captured by the ever-vigilant prefect and sent off to the yard. Meal time comes around, and when he gets to the refectory, he calmly takes the first seat he comes to and sits down. Before long his ears are greeted with "Hold on, my green friend; you're in my place!"

In the evening he follows the ranks to the dormitory. He goes to bed, but cannot sleep. The incessant puffing of the dynamo interferes with his slumbers. Then there is the church clock breaking in upon the silence every quarter of an hour. Oh, the horrors of that first night! He sees a white figure slowly groping its way around the room and thinks it is a ghost. It is but one of the boys going to the bucket to get a drink. Perhaps some other fellow loses his way in his perambulations, and, by mistake, tries to get into the same bed where lies our new friend. A shriek, a yell, a dull, sickening thud on the floor, and soon all is quiet save the gentle snore of the noisy sleeper. And then, in the morning he goes down to the wash-room, where some more experiences are learned. Soon, however, the new boy becomes accustomed to the ways of the place. He falls into the daily routine, and is ever ready to enjoy the mistakes of some of his fresher brethren, forgetting that he himself had to undergo the same trials, and that he himself acted in the same way at one time.

Ernest J. DuBuis

If given an opportunity of looking into your future, would you take advantage of it in order to satisfy that curiosity which is so natural to man? You immediately say yes. But would you do so upon maturely considering that this future may have in store for you difficulties and obstacles which, viewed from a standpoint of present contentment, appear "huge as high Olympus"? Would you not rather have them excluded—as they are, thanks to a wise Prov-

idence—from your view than to live with the knowledge that they are to obstruct the meeting of yourself and happiness? "But I would obtain pleasure from the view of future happiness!" No; as the greatest of sorrows is in grief to remember flown joy, so future pleasure anticipated is robbed of half its perfume. Looking backward you see the successes and joys on the one hand, and the failures and griefs on the other, as they pass before the memory; some, as they are the more characteristic of your past, shall absorb most of your interest and wield a greater influence for your future than you imagine. Looking forward we view an unknown region peopled with beings of whom at the present we know nothing; but one thing we do know is, that the happier we endeavor to make the life of those by whom we are surrounded, and remembering that "we carry our own sky with us," the better shall we be able to increase the number of happy countenances and, at the same time, reap for ourselves a hundredfold.

William Hamilton

Looking forward into years that are to come, the future life of every one is a thought of anxiety; not exactly of dread of failures, but of a hope of success and greatness to be attained. If the foundation-stone is well laid, then the parts that are visible to the eye are not liable to fall. And so, as the boy, who has just begun to know that he knows nothing, enters, geologically speaking, the *transition period* of his life, these anxieties are somewhat increased. He has not exactly decided what his vocation is. He says: "Now, if I become President of the United States my name will be sounded from the mouth of each and every citizen of our blessed land. There is a salary of \$50,000 attached to this office, too. I can live in grand style with such an income. But then," he continues, "I would have to be a great politician to be able to be raised to such a high position. A bank presidency or its cashier would be good enough for me. First, I will keep books, say for two years, in some big bank. Then I will be raised to the *teller's* place, and, by degrees, who knows? No one can tell; perhaps I will be chosen to take the place of *our late President whose death we all mourn so much*, and, in this case, I will have others flocking to me for advice, and I can sit back and say—'well, yes!'

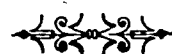
or 'no!' according to my pleasure at that moment. Ah, that would be grand! Now if I don't get such a position as this, I would be satisfied to be a partner in some big firm—say a clothing establishment. I would get lots of money that way. But, then, I don't know anything about such a business. Ah, there!" cries the youthful aspirant to a happy future, "I will begin low. There! I shall go immediately to the Pekin, San Francisco & Dublin RR. office and ask for a position as conductor; and if they don't grant me my request, I can, at any time, get a position with some street car company, and there, with the salary that will supply my present wants, I can save enough in time to buy myself at least a coffin."

With thoughts encouraging as these are, the young graduate, of even the highest college, is prompted on with assurances of success in his life just begun.

Fred Behr

What student is there who, when the college term is approaching its end, is not swayed between two feelings, namely, joy to be again in the company of his immediate family and a heart aching because he must soon leave a place filled with many dear remembrances, and knowing that many of his late friends he will probably never meet again? Without doubt such persons are scarce; for, however hardened, a man may be, a place to which are attached pleasing incidents in connection with his work, will always be a source of pleasant recollection. Hardly a week remains before we are all scattered to the four winds; but let us all remember that many of us ought to meet again within the walls of our *Alma Mater*; and let it be the aim of every one that he accomplish the purpose for which he was placed in this life, and reflect some of the lustre of his brilliant achievements on the institution where he spent his happiest days.

J. P. Bachrach



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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanied by Rev. Father Zahm and Bro. Columba, left Notre Dame on Wednesday last for a few weeks' rest at the sea-shore, Nantucket (Mass.) beach. It is fondly hoped that the salt sea breezes will perfect the amelioration in the health of the venerable Founder, which all his devoted children have been so glad to witness during the past months. Needless to say, we shall all miss his kindly paternal presence during our Commencement exercises; but, as at times happened during the fifty years of his direction of our *Alma Mater*, important business caused an occasional enforced absence at the close of the collegiate year, so now, the most important business of all—the renewal of a health so dear to every one at Notre Dame—calls him away from us. We are with him, as he is with us, in spirit, and he has our daily fervent aspirations that

the life of all his children at Notre Dame may be for many years to come made gladsome by his presence and the direction to which the "Pride of the West" owes all its prestige.

—The death of Mr. Herbert Mattingly, of the Senior department, on Wednesday night, cast a gloom over Notre Dame, which has not yet been dispelled. Though sudden, the death was not altogether unexpected; it was known that Mr. Mattingly was seriously ill, and fears were entertained that he might not recover. But death is always sudden, always sad, and the announcement on Thursday morning that he had passed away during the night came as a shock to all, but especially to Mr. Mattingly's class-fellows and more intimate associates. He suffered much, but, needless to say, all that could be done was done by the attending physician and the devoted Sisters to alleviate his pains. Better still, he had the divine helps and consolations of religion, and died in peace and the hope of immortality.

Those who were present at the brief service held in the Church Thursday afternoon previous to the removal of the remains to Owensboro, Ky.—the home of the deceased—will not soon forget that impressive scene. It was a solemn hour; and, while praying for the repose of the departed soul, from every heart must have arisen the aspiration: "May we die the death of the just, and may our last end be like theirs."

The St. Cecilians.

Once more the long-cherished hope of the St. Cecilians has been fulfilled. Once more has the delicious banquet of the society been a source of gladness to the many who had the pleasure of being present. Last Wednesday afternoon saw the accustomed pleasing countenances of the Faculty, graduates, and members of the society both of to-day and years gone by, seated in the Carroll Hall refectory at their respective tables; nor was it left to the eyes alone to enjoy the feast. All the delicacies of the kitchen were spread before them, and the St. Cecilians of '92 may be justly proud of their closing event in the present scholastic year. Everything bespoke much care and preparation: the eatables were all that one could wish, and the banquet, on the whole, reflects great credit upon the taste of the Rev. President of the society. As usual, there was a ring to draw

for, and from what we hear, it is a beauty; Mr. F. O'Brien was the lucky member, and now, it is presumed, he roams the campus with as much reverence for the laws of chance as anyone on earth. This was the last on the programme, and all departed, feeling they had enjoyed one of the finest treats of the year.

The Staff Dines.

"But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

A great sage once said that a dyspeptic could not be a saint. The reverse ought to be true, and a well-fed man would, therefore, be angelic: wherefore it is easy to adduce that a good cook is an angel-maker. These observations are called to mind by the fact that all the skill of the *cuisine* had just been called into play for the delectation of the Staff. The accomplished Director of the Staff, who never does anything by halves, determined to show his appreciation of the successful work of his assistants during the past year by entertaining them and their friends, the members of the Faculty, at a dinner in the Junior refectory on the 14th day of June. If the elaborateness of the dinner could be considered as an index of the appreciation felt by the Director for his co-workers, it must be confessed that his appreciation was of the highest kind; and since the Staff are all practically members of the graduating class, and, hence, will not likely be on the ground next year to continue their efforts in the editorial field in behalf of the SCHOLASTIC, the gratitude felt by the generous Director cannot be said to be of the sort that some wretch has defined, as

"A lively sense of favors yet to come."

At half-past three o'clock, the Staff and their guests sat down to tables decorated with exquisite taste. Long before the eye was sated with drinking in the beauty of the decorations ideal imps actualized stood at each guest's elbow to draw him away from the contemplation of the beautiful, and tempted his baser appetite with those things which enchant the very soul of the gormand. Even lovers of the beautiful are descendants of Mother Eve, which will probably account for the rapidity with which they were won over by the tempter's wiles; for with one accord they ceased to admire the beauties of the minute Eden that greeted their eye; but, coming in and as Father Adam did before them, they took what was offered and did eat. It was not a diet of apples. The traditional apple may have been a big thing in those days when Satan

did not hear of artistic cooks. And as an evidence of how the world moves, we subjoin the following

MENU:

Tomates aux Croutons.
Hors d'œuvres variés.
Saumon braisé à la Tartare.
Poulets à la Marengo.
Pommes de terre Sautées.
Selle d'Agneau rôtie.
Petites carottes nouvelles.
Salade.
Fromage de Brie.
Crème glacée à la Vanille.
Gâteaux Assortis.
Pyramide de Fruits.
Café.

There was considerable conversation, and that very brilliant too, during the meal; but it was easy to observe that a few of our friends seemed rather to feel the sentiment of Rienzi:

"I come not here to talk."

Even for those who did nothing but attend to business, it took an hour and a half to reach the *café*. If the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the highest praise to bestow on the dinner is that, with the exception of the poet, who is rather above the grosser pleasures of the table, no man cried "hold!" till the *pyramide* appeared as though twenty centuries had looked down on it; and the coffee pots resounded with the merry jingle that betokens emptiness. None of those who partook of the dinner were delegates to the Democratic Convention soon to be held in Chicago; but it could easily be seen, as they left, that if they were, the *Chief's* name would figure when the first report of the ballot was announced in the coming convention.

HUGH O'NEILL.

War and Peace.

JOSEPH JUST, '92.

War! a word fraught with terror! Think of two nations which have lived in amicable intercourse, and vied with each other in the productions of art and the achievements of science; contributed to mutual prosperity by the peaceable interchange of their opulence, now rising, and with might and main seeking each for the destruction of the other. The most murderous weapons, at the disposal of the warring powers, are made use of to hurl devastation and death into the hostile ranks, to spread disaster and desolation, and to heap ruin upon ruin. Fierce passions, which before slumbered in the unfathomable depth of the human heart, are aroused, and serve as allies in this strife. The family ties are severed. The father, the son, the lover

are called to arms; defenceless women and babes are massacred by cruel bands of hostile soldiery; the rights to honor and property are disregarded; the fields, which the busy hand of the farmer had rendered so fruitful and fair, are ravaged, and lawlessness has assumed supreme dominion. Peoples whose wealth had been the envy of the world now appear with the gaunt look of dire poverty; the flower of manhood has withered on the blood-drenched battlefield, whilst mourning widows and disconsolate mothers bewail the nation's former welfare. War is one of the most terrible calamities which can befall a people.

I.

Since war brings with it so much misery, its justification is a question well deserving of consideration. The rights of nations must be respected, else smaller states would fall a prey to the greed of mightier powers. If, therefore, cases present themselves in which war is unavoidably necessary for the maintenance of these rights, no one will deny that recourse to arms is allowed. Now are there such cases?

When a nation is unjustly attacked it has evidently the right to oppose violence to violence, to defend itself against the aggressor with all the force which it can command. The right of defence is involved in every right; even the individual is justified in defending himself with force against force; consequently, this right must also belong to the state considered as a moral person.

If a nation has been wronged by another, the injury calls for atonement—as is the case with offences committed by individuals. But individuals may, and must, bring the matter before the proper tribunal which repairs the outrage by the punishment of the culprit. As regards nations, however, apart from those few cases which may belong to what is called the “law of nations,” no tribunal is set; hence the wronged party must itself look for a redress of the injury done to it. In an occurrence of this kind, war is the last means of obtaining justice.

Again: of two nations between which friendly relations exist the one may be involved in war and stand in need of assistance. In such an emergency the allied nation may send auxiliary troops to the oppressed country, especially if its own safety may be brought about by this support.

War is not permissible and justifiable, however, if, far from being caused by any of the reasons just given, it is carried on through pride, ambition, or passion. Were a monarch to wage war

for the sole purpose of extending his dominions, or in order to weaken and humble other states, procure himself military glory, or to circulate religious doctrines by force of arms, he would act contrary to the tenets of justice. Historians of sound and impartial judgment would style him a scourge of nations that annihilates happiness and takes delight in spreading woe and destruction.

Moreover, to justify a war, it must appear as a necessity. If the object for which it is waged can be attained by other measures, it must not be undertaken. All other means must first be used to allay the dissension amicably, and only then, when these means have proven a failure, war may be proclaimed. Besides, the voice of prudence must be heeded, and war may not be entered upon if there is previous certainty of defeat, else the blood of the soldiers would be shed in vain. War, finally, should be waged only for the sake of obtaining peace. A sovereign who enters into war simply for the furtherance of his own ambitious designs is guilty of an enormous crime, and assumes a terrible responsibility before the Almighty's throne.

When a nation does not take part in the hostilities of other nations, though, on account of its situation, it might favor one or the other, it remains neutral. In case this neutrality be not recognized by the warring powers, or if either of them were to attempt to carry on its movements on the territory of the neutral state, the latter would be allowed to send forth an army to protect its neutrality and to prevent invasion. This condition of a nation is termed “armed neutrality.”

The state of war does not permit of utter lawlessness. There exist certain rights which the powers at war have to observe, and certain duties they have to fulfil. As long as the soldier fights arms in hand, be it in attack or defence, his adversaries may and must combat against him with the intention of killing him. But if he lays down his arms, or if he is wounded and without defence, he should be looked upon as a man who has done his duty, and his life must be respected. All needful care must be taken of the wounded and the prisoners of war. Peaceful citizens of the hostile state should not be ill-treated by the enemy; violence towards them would be contrary to justice and a mark of barbarity. Hence their property may not be destroyed unless this be made necessary in view of the successful outcome of a strategical measure, or happen in consequence of a military engagement. Private property must remain intact in war, and the booty must be

limited to the possessions of the hostile army. In by-gone times it was supposed that the victorious soldiers had the right of plundering their enemies' estates, but such a privilege does not exist. Requisitions, indeed, may be levied for the support of the army, but not without due compensation; and should the population of the country be exposed to extreme want by these exactions, these impositions should, in all justice, cease. With regard to the movable property of the state, the right of taking possession of whatever serves for the waging of war is justifiable; the seizure of other possessions, such as public treasuries and magazines, would be robbery.

The belligerent states are in no case allowed to make use of dishonest means of warfare—as causing insurrections against the sovereign of the hostile land, exciting subjects to war against their sovereign, fighting with forbidden arms, poisoning the victuals and wells, breaking a given promise, treachery, or, in the case of a naval battle, hoisting a false flag within range of cannon. Stratagem is allowed, but it should be of an honest nature.

With regard to neutral states, they and their allies must be treated as friends. Of course, the neutral state must also abstain from any act of interference by which either of the nations engaged in warfare would be favored, directly or indirectly, to the disadvantage of the other. Neutral states must, therefore, respect the blockade made at sea by one nation against the other, and refrain from conveying troops or supplies of war to either, even as articles of traffic. A neutral ship which would disregard this law would be considered hostile, and placed at the mercy of the offended power.

II.

Peace is the object for which war is waged. The nation which obtains the victory is not by that mere fact entitled to any right; for victory is due to military tactics and bravery, and stands in no relation to right. The mere material conquest of a territory, accordingly, entails no claims to its legitimate possession. Such a right of conquest does not exist, except in case the annexation of a country be rendered absolutely necessary by dint of circumstances. This happens when the conquered nation is a constant source of danger for its neighbors by always waging war against them, and thus depriving them of their weal.

The new relations of right which are to exist between the nations that have concluded peace are confirmed by treaty. In this treaty the

victor dictates the conditions. They may be just, they may also be unjust; the conquered party is by necessity obliged to adopt them if it wishes to obtain peace. Generally the dominion over some part of the conquered nation is transferred to the victor, who, without a treaty of this sort, would not be entitled to the possession of the annexed district, however numerous were the victories he won.

The transactions of peace are generally begun by an armistice. When the conquered nation sees itself forced to make proposals of peace, and the victor is disposed to accept them, an agreement is made whereby both sides bind themselves to allay any outburst of hostility, and not to continue the operations of war until the negotiations of peace have been brought to a close. These negotiations are held by specially appointed ambassadors. The treaty becomes valid only when it has received the ratification of the respective sovereigns. Frequently it happens that neutral states endeavor to renew a friendly understanding between the belligerent nations. Then the negotiations are carried on, not directly by envoys of the hostile states, but indirectly through that neutral power which has offered its good offices for the restoration of peace.

III.

Let us now cast a glance upon the difference there exists between the manner of warfare of ancient times and that of our day. The horrors of war, however frightful they may still be, have been lessened in a vast degree by the humanizing effect of Christianity. Among the races where the doctrine of the God-Man has not yet dispelled the darkness of heathenism, cruelty towards the conquered is driven to a height no civilized member of humanity can think of without a shudder. But, not to mention the atrocious ferocity of the tropical savage towards conquered tribes, let us turn back the musty pages of history, and contemplate the terrors of war among the highly cultured Romans of pagan antiquity. The Romans knew no mercy towards the conquered foe; the common soldiers were fettered with the bonds of slavery, whilst the leaders, after adding to the pomp of the emperor's triumphal procession by their presence, were ruthlessly led to execution. If it was in the interest of the extension and confirmation of their power, the Romans did not recoil from laying cities in ashes, devastating lands, or putting to the sword the entire population of a city they had taken. Their inhumanity in war found expression in the words: *Vae victis*.

It was a task reserved for the beneficent influence of Christianity to form a real right of war, for it has abolished the absolute destitution of right which the conquered nations had to suffer under the sway of tyrannical victors. The exalted principles of charity, which Christianity brought from heaven, have completely changed the aspect of the modern field of battle. Paganism let the wounded soldiers perish helplessly; the Church sends the messengers of her love to the scenes of conflict to bring solace and help to all equally, be they friend or foe.

By treaty peaceful relations are restored between the antagonistic nations; but often a long space of time elapses before the wounds which war has inflicted are healed, and the passions which it has roused are swayed by more friendly dispositions. Hence war is ever a curse, an evil which God permits to punish nations for their sins, or to awaken them from the sleep of sloth and effeminacy into which years of inaction had rocked them. War is not the natural condition of mankind, as Hobbes, the heartless Englishman, teaches. It is a punishment, a scourge, and a purification. As a punishment it comes from original sin. Because our first parents revolted against God, nature revolted against man, and the hand of man shall be, to the end of time, against his brother. As a scourge it is a means of atonement for the crimes of nations; and as a purification it is like to a storm that disturbs the heavens and the earth, but is followed by a calm which causes all nature to revive. There are two epochs in the history of the human race: the primitive period was sociable, not yet social, and as such required the peaceful condition derived from the natural sympathy all living beings feel for one another; the subsequent period is full of passion and disturbance; hence the necessity of police, armies, tribunals, judges, and prisons. War is material force in the hands of justice; at least this is what it ought to be. It is sometimes called "the last reason of kings," because, when nations or rulers cease to obey the dictates of reason, they must resort to brute force or violence.

During times of peace countries prosper, villages and cities spring up, the fine arts are cultivated, and happiness sheds its cheering rays over all classes of society. Ancient Greece did not produce her masterpieces of painting and sculpture during the tempest-blasts of civil or foreign strife, but when basking in the sunshine of peace. War may be father to a Cæsar, an Alexander, or a Napoleon, but never will it bring to light a Virgil, a Phidias, or a Mozart.

Obituary.

The estimable parents of Mr. Herbert Mattingly have the deepest sympathy of all at Notre Dame in the sad loss of their devoted son, whose death from peritonitis, complicated with pneumonia, occurred during the week. The grief of Mrs. Mattingly was such as to touch the hardest heart; and we feel sure there was no one who witnessed it that did not share it. The circumstances of this death, however, are so consoling—it was such a beautiful Christian end—that the thought of it must bring balm at last to the wounded heart of his mother, though that heart may never forget its loss. It is sufficient praise of Mr. Mattingly to say that he was worthy of the affection which he inspired in his parents and friends. The students have passed the following

RESOLUTIONS:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence in His infinite wisdom to call from his earthly labors an esteemed fellow student, HERBERT MATTINGLY.

WHEREAS, His loving parents have lost an only son, dutiful and affectionate, be it

RESOLVED, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence to his afflicted relatives; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in our college paper, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and also that a copy be sent to his bereaved family.

L. MONARCH,
C. B. RUDD,
F. E. NEEF,

O. ROTHERT,
N. J. SINNOTT,
G. LANCASTER.—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—"This is bad weather for winter clothing," says the old man.

—LOST—A plain gold ring, bearing initials "J. J. D., from M. M." Finder will please return to the students' office.

—The Carrolls feel a just pride in closing the stamp contest, being over 32,000 ahead of the Brownsons. Too bad, Brownsons, too bad!

—The first nine specials of Carroll Hall, with the assistance of the "Invincibles" battery, gave the waiter specials a Waterloo on Thursday afternoon. Score: 12 to 3.

—Bro. Valerian has the stamps collected since Christmas, some 160,000, on exhibition in his parlors during the week. They will be placed in the library during Commencement.

—The game to-morrow between the "Lone Stars" of South Bend and the (consolidated) Carroll Invincibles promises to be as warm as the weather, if not warmer. At present the teams are each a game up.

—The last game played between the "Invincibles" and Carroll specials settled the championship for the Carroll campus this season. The Carroll specials winning by a scratch in the tenth inning. Score: 8 to 5.

—Notre Dame, seated amid beautiful lakes and plains, is by no means deficient in boat clubs and other athletics; but sound scholarship is her chief boast, and the SCHOLASTIC, the University organ, subordinates all else, except true religion and morality, to this. The last number contains a Latin poem, commemorative of the voyage of discovery by Columbus, in such correct classical style and measure that the most hypercritical could scarcely find fault. The number is also illustrated by a portrait of Columbus, and others of the prominent men of the University. Fortunate are the youth, from the "Minim" to the Post-graduate, who grow up under the teaching and the benign influence of Notre Dame.—*Ypsilanti (Mich.) Sentinel*.

—BASE-BALL—The Minim first nines played their last two championship games on Tuesday afternoon. The first game, with a score of 8 to 6 in favor of the *Blues*, was finished in 1 hour and 30 minutes. This left the *Reds* and *Blues* with two games apiece for the three-out-of-five contest for medals. Captain Ransome of the *Blues*, so elated over the two games won in succession, which had completely lifted his "little giants" from the depths of despair, *would* have the "thing settled," and gathered his men for the "ins" at 4.30 for the final work; it began. Crandall reached 1st successfully, passing 2d and 3d, narrowly escaping the *viscious circle* made in Gilbert's attempt to touch him at home. He was the most fortunate in that inning, however, because three men were then retired in short order. Gilbert led off batting for the *Reds* by a safe hit over 1st; Fossick followed with a drive to left which bounded over Crandall's head; but he was stopped and brought to grief when O'Brien met him at third with "how's that umpire?"—he was out. Freeman's quick throw to Krollman retired the side, and the opening inning had ended. And so the game continued to the close, excepting now and then the more brilliant plays of Longevin and La-Moure, not to mention the antics of the *Blues'* 3d baseman served to increase to shouting the never ceasing hum of voices about the diamond. The game, nevertheless, was played with a will, and showed a good score in a time that would shame our elder friends—1 hour and 20 minutes.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 "REDS":—0 1 0 0 3 2 2 3 *—11
 "BLUES":—1 1 0 1 0 1 2 1 0=7

—CORPUS CHRISTI this year was ushered in by an usually delightful morning. Atmospheric mutations, the fragrance of the June roses, fresh foliage of the trees, and the velvety lawns, all seemed to combine to give nature her most charming aspect. Immediately after the morning meditation, busy hands commenced to erect altars and arches. Numberless statues and pictures were placed in every available nook and bower on the line of procession around the lakes and in the groves and parks; rare paintings, tapestries and heavy festoons of evergreens decorated the College buildings, and from every

pinnacle, turret and tower innumerable banners and flags displayed their beautiful colors with every motion of the air. Within the church, the soft colors of the rainbow blended with the harmonious strains of the grand organ, and the fragrance of incense and flowers, united to lead the heart of man a willing captive to do homage at the throne of the Creator present in the Ever-Adorable Sacrament. Solemn High Mass was chanted by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Father Joseph Kirsch as deacon and Father Maloney as subdeacon. The Divine Sacrifice completed, Rev. President Walsh addressed a few eloquent words to the congregation, in explanation of the Feast, after which the grand procession was formed, headed by cross-bearer and acolytes, with burning tapers; then followed, with appropriate banners, the Minims, Juniors and Seniors of the College, 500 strong; apprentices of the Manual Labor School and the Agricultural Department, 70 strong; students of the Novitiate, 80 in number; Brothers and Novices of the Holy Cross, 200. The University Cornet Band, of twenty-one pieces; 30 acolytes, scattering flowers; priests, in albs and chasubles, or copes; cantors, in surplices and copes of gold, followed by the canopy, under which walked the celebrant, carrying the Blessed Sacrament, supported on either side by the deacon and subdeacon.

The rich canopy, embroidered with millions of little pearls, was surrounded by a guard of honor bearing torches. Then came Sisters of the Holy Cross followed by the congregation. As the procession passed down the aisles of the church, the great organ sent forth burst after burst of joyous hosannas from every tube of its large collection, the College chimes rang forth their most joyous peals, which were caught up and re-echoed by the bells of the Professed House, Manual Labor School and neighboring chapels, while the deep solemn booming of the Mammoth bell in the church tower, and the martial strains of the Cornet Band, made the very atmosphere ring with soul-inspiring harmony. As the procession, with its many waving banners, slowly wound around the lakes, under gorgeous arches and passed beautiful altars and shrines, the scene was picturesque and edifying. One arch in particular, near the Professed House, in its castellated form, attracted more than ordinary attention. Edifying indeed it was to see so many souls from all climes and nations—the child scarcely able to walk and the centenarian—all united in one grand, solemn act of devotion to the Most High.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Howard, Joslyn, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, Mc-

Kee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Ansberry, J. Brady, Baldwin, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, E. J. Brown, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, Crilly, Castenado, F. Cummings, Conroy, Cherhart, Coady, Carrey, Colby, Cullen, Doheny, Dinkel, Devanny, Egan, Ellwanger, Foley, Frizzelle, Heneghan, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Houlihan, Heer, Hennessy, Hagan, Hartman, Herman, Jacobs, Kenny, Kleekamp, Krost, Kearney, Keough, W. M. Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, Murray, Marmon, Maynes, Maisen, Mooney, Olde, O'Shea, O'Connor, Puls-kamp, Powers, Phillips, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan, Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Whitehead, Wilkin.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Baldauf, Ball, Brown, Brennan, Bates, Casey, Corry, Covert, Curran, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cheney, Creedan, Dion, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Delany, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Fleming, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Foster, Fitzgerald, Falk, C. Ford, Grote, L. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hamilton, Harding, Joseph, Kauffmann, Kreicker, Kinneavy, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mitchell, Mills, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, McPhee, McDowell, McCarthy, Madalie, MacLeod, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Stephens, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Teeter, Thorn, Vorhang, Walker, Washburne, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wensinger, Warner, Winder, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut, Stern.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, L. Abraham, G. Abraham, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandall, Croke Cross, H. Durand, B. Durand, Dugas, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, B. Freemann, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hathaway, Hartman, E. Jonquet, Jones, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, G. Keeler, King, Kuehl, E. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Langevin, Lonergan, Lowrey, Lysle, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McAlister, McGinley, McGushin, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, Ninneman, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pratt, Platts, Pursell, Peck, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, Trujillo, White, Wilson, Wilcox, Westover, Westheimer, Wolf.

A Communication.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, N. B., CAN.,

June 7, 1892.

MY DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—Permit me to raise my feeble voice from far-off New Brunswick, and to join in the immense chorus which has for object to uphold the primacy of base-ball over all other athletic sports.

Talk of football and its "scrimmages" and

attendant bumps and cavities; talk of Lacross and its crooked sticks, broken shins and cracked skulls; but give me good, honest base-ball, in which science supersedes brute-force, and in which the Grand-Stand can see at a glance, and fully appreciate the fine points brought out in a well-contested game.

In every issue of the SCHOLASTIC we see accounts of ball games played by the many teams at Notre Dame University, and we take special pride in noting the fact that visiting players are not "in it" to any great extent, in the matter of twirling the horse-hide or wielding the wagon-tongue, against the embryo Ansons and the prospective "Kels" of our mother Institution.

On Queen's Birthday (May 24), old Sol, after a week's deep mourning, came out in all the warmth and effulgence of a glorious spring day. Ten light-stepping athletes sallied forth on the war-path, accoutred in the regulation knee-breeches, Jersey and striped *casquette*, not to speak of the timber (oh! such sticks!), bird-cages, etc., etc., to be found in the possession of all orthodox devotees of the great American game. They were accompanied by Rev. Fathers Wilmes and Arsenault, C. S. C., and Mr. T. H. Manning, as scorer. Here are the names of the heroes: G. Whalen, c.; J. McDermott (*petit!*), p.; M. Earles, 1st b.; A. Meahan, 2d b. and captain; A. Violet, 3d b.; Fred. Richard, ss.; J. Lyons, r. f.; J. Wheten, c. f.; M. Allain, l. f.; T. McMinnehan, spare man.

To make a long story short, our boys won the battle in two hours and a quarter. Score: 12 to 9.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

ST. JOSEPH'S:—2 0 0 1 3 0 0 4 2=12

Y. M. C. A. (MONCTON):—0 0 0 0 0 4 4 0 1=9

Umpires: Irvine Torrie and B. Milne.

You will notice that our boys blanked their opponents for *five successive innings*, and there was every indication of a complete shut out for the Y. M. C. A. but for the blundering (putting it mildly) of the umpire on bases from the 6th inning to the end of the game. Between the roasting by the umpire, and the lung-music of the bloods in and around the Grand-Stand, our boys got so badly rattled that their opponents blanked them for two innings (6th and 7th) and ran up four runs themselves in each inning, thus making the figures 8 to 6 in favor of Y. M. C. A. However, in the 8th and 9th innings, our lads settled down to work again, and gave the Monctonians only one more score, at the same time piling on six more runs to the credit of St. Joseph's. The figures stood 12 to 9 in our favor at the end of the game, and as the news reached the College before we did, we entered the portals of our *Alma Mater* amid the enthusiastic cheerings of our numerous admirers.

The Amherst, N. S. B.-B. Club were here on the 2d inst., but were snowed under to the tune of 15 to 1, and even that solitary run wasn't earned.

A. CRANK.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. Taylor, of Austin, Texas, was a welcome visitor during the past week.

—By mistake the name of Miss S. McGuire was omitted from the list of Class Honors in the report of last week.

—The various classes in French, German and Latin passed the examination trial on Friday, June 10, Rev. Father Franciscus, C. S. C., conducting the examination of the German classes, and Rev. Father Scherer those in Latin, to whom the respective classes return sincere thanks.

—From the firm of Lyon & Healy of Chicago were purchased the four new pianos, recently placed in St. Angela's Hall. These instruments, of pleasing tone and smooth finish, are an appropriate addition to the new building, and will be used during the Commencement exercises on Monday and Tuesday.

—In accordance with a time-honored custom the examination of the classes in Christian Doctrine was held on the afternoon of Sunday, June 12, Very Rev. Father Corby examining the Graduating and First Senior classes. The Second and Third Seniors were examined by the Rev. Chaplain, the Preparatory classes by the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, and the Minims by Rev. Father Zahm. To each of the Rev. clergymen, are tendered grateful acknowledgments.

—The herbariums of the Graduates deserve special mention for the artistic arrangement of their pages. It is pleasant to note the prominence given to the wild flowers indigenous to Indiana soil; and the blue-bells of the Greek Valerian, hepaticas, marigolds, etc., look out from the pages in much of their fresh beauty. A happy surprise is furnished by the figures "'92" daintily arranged in violets, that greets one from the white background of the page.

—On Thursday, June 9, took place the examination of the class in Moral Philosophy, of which the Graduates only are members; also that of the first class in French, both examinations being conducted by Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., whose qualifications as a thorough examiner are so well known at St. Mary's. The result in both classes was most satisfactory to the Rev. Father, one of whose characteristics seems to be the ability to make these ordeals, generally dreaded, truly productive of pleasure.

—The last lecture of the literary course was given June 14, Professor Egan choosing for his subject the "Novel." The distinctive characteristics of the realist, idealist and romanticist in this field of literature were pointed out, together with the best exponents of the different schools. The lecturer dwelt at length upon the works of Marion Crawford, and instanced "With the

Immortals" as an example of polished style; and in speaking of the immoral tendency of many foreign novels, said "no brilliancy, no literary art, no interesting character, can excuse an author for attracting our sympathies to evil."

A Summer Day.

The arching sky is veiled with ashen gray,
And hushed the voice of birds, save where
The restless songster pipes a plaintive note
Deep in the heart of some rose-scented glen.
But, see! the distant sky doth glow
With amber light, and now Aurora flings
Her banners out to meet the birth of day.
As when a prince is born, the startled air
Sways to the melody of gladsome bells,
So, silent, shadowy groves burst forth in song,
Pouring from countless feathered throats the while
A stream of rhythmic sweetness on the breeze,
In tribute to the new-born summer day.
Poised on each grassy spear, nights limpid tears
Reflect the bending vault, where dreaming clouds
Float o'er the waveless, sapphire sea of heaven.

Climbing the azure steep, the Sun doth lift
The veil of mist that hides the valley's face,
And from the silver bosom of the stream,
Looks out another sky. Along its marge
The willows stoop to kiss their watery image
There, and now the harebells softly swing
Their purple censers in the morning wind.
'Tis noon. A golden flood of mellow light
Transforms the landscape to a fairy scene,
While rich, red roses ope their petalled hearts
Against the darksome foliage of the vines.
The leafy woodbine, decked in coral, climbs
The latticed porch, and from the thickets peep
The sweet-briar's pale, pink stars. The drowsy hum
Of bees that hide in honey-suckles' bells
Forms a sweet undertone to nature's hymn.
Now day declines, and softly-murmuring winds
Sway to and fro, the locust's feathery arms,
Outlined against the amethystine sky,
And sunlight slowly fades to starry night.

THELLA KIMMELL.

Partings.

As the long-anticipated "Commencement time" becomes a fast approaching reality, our last school experiences seem like so many dissolving views which each day throws upon life's screen; for, we no sooner begin to realize that certain long looked-for events have come to pass, when, with mechanical regularity, a new experience is projected upon the canvas. One by one the old-time duties are set aside; examinations over, text-books, which have long been near, if not always dear, companions are laid away, and preparations for new duties occupy

our attention. Each one of these last school-days witnesses many a parting, which fact comes before us as we perform some duty, or participate in pleasures which are to be the last of their kind we shall ever experience. The parting from school-days is unlike any other farewells; for school life is the river that leads to the sea, and at the meeting of those waters good-byes are said to a multitude of experiences; to views of flowery meadows along the stream, vistas of elf-haunted woodlands far different from any we may again behold.

We part, too, with many old duties, habits and tastes, all of which have become, as it were, part of our being. Years hence how altered may be our thoughts of life! At the end of our school career, we stand holding in a strong hand-clasp of regret and farewell the old life; but how falteringly is the other hand outstretched to close over the shadowy palm of the veiled future!

The sadness of farewells is, perhaps, unequalled by any other grief; for in a parting there is so much to look back upon and so much uncertainty about days to come. The word itself, farewell, awakens a host of thoughts. Pangs of regret over the memory of neglect and thoughtlessness, of wasted opportunities, of kind words unspoken and kind acts unperformed;—and now the time of parting has come, and remorse whispers "too late!"

Father Ryan says of partings:

"Farwell, that word has broken hearts,
And blinded eyes with tears.
Farewell, one stays and one departs,
Between them roll the years."

And few there are who have not been called upon to taste the cup of bitter sorrow held to their lips as they strive to utter the word "farewell." All life is a series of partings; from childhood to old age are we letting our hands grasp treasures only to drop them after a few happy steps along the way. One by one, we part from our childish hopes and dreams; the illusions of youth slip away from us, and when we reach the years when real life is before us, we begin to realize that "nothing is our own except our dead." Filled with what we fondly imagine is the lore of the world, we step into the arena and advance our theories, our views, only to find that our position is not tenable; and even after we are convinced of this, it is still hard to part from what have been our most cherished thoughts. These rude awakenings are indeed trying, and many are the injuries given to our self-love before such a parting is effected. Linger and regretful is the farewell which we bid to the vain imaginings and exalted opinions we often form of our own merits; but one is always better for such partings. It is as beneficial as is discarding injurious companions; for what associations could be more detrimental than the subtle whisperings and flattery of inordinate vanity and conceit? Sadder than all these is parting from those we love. During

school-days strong ties are formed, and these cannot be broken without pain. Well may the poet-priest ask:

"Far away! What does it mean?

A change of heart with a change of place?
When footsteps pass from scene to scene,
Fades soul from soul with face from face,
Are hearts the slaves or lords of space?"

Hearts are the lords, and though the years may bear friends far apart, in prayerful affection their spirits are ever together, and stronger grow the bonds that unite them in a true friendship.

Yet all these leave-takings, of home, friends, familiar surrounding, and all that makes life dear to us, are but minor preparations, dim foreshadowings of the long farewell that we shall say at that long journey which ends in eternity. All the bitterness and regret of other partings seem combined and fused into the terrible grief of one who witnesses the departure of some dear friend upon this journey, and knows him to be unguided by faith and hope in the hereafter. But with those who set forth guided by faith and trust, to his friends is the parting "a sweet sorrow." The exile is returning to the home prepared for him, while he echoes the music of the Laureate's verses:

"And may there be no sadness of farewell

When I embark—

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home."

KATHERINE M. MORSE.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, R. Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Black, Byers, Byrnes, Bogart, Bartholomew, Carico, Charles, M. Clifford, Cowan, Crilly, Carpenter, M. Cooper, L. Clifford, D. Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, E. Dennison, Dingee, M. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Gage, Hartz, Hellmann, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Johnson, Jacobs, M. Kirley, Klingberg, Kieffer, Kelly, Kasper, Kauffman, Kingsbaker, T. Kimmell, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, McCune, Nacy, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Payne, Quinn, K. Ryan, A. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Reid, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Smith, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Thirde, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Welter, E. Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Baxter, K. Coady, Cowan, Crandall, Campau, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ford, Garrity, Girsch, Hickey, Londoner, Meskill, Morris, Mills, Nacey, O'Mara, Ryder, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Tilden, White, Wolverton, Wheeler, Williams, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, McKenna, McCarthy, McCormack, Murray, Palmer, Wolverton.